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Hot Wives

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Taylor

There's No Honor in Adultery

Taylor had grown used to being the "other woman." What she wasn't used to were other women picking up where she had left off. What had started out as an affair had ended with a divorce and she had gotten her man, however, this isn't where things ended. It seemed that old habits die hard, and a simple change of scenery wasn't all that he was after. No matter how much he swore fidelity, Taylor's new husband was acting a lot like he had when he was sneaking around with her behind his ex-wife's back. She had always been aware that this was a risk she'd have to take, and given the fact that she hadn't acted honorably herself, she didn't feel that it was up to her to judge his philandering ways. What was up to her was proving to herself that two could play this game. If he was going to be a chronic cheater, so would she.

Early on, she had learned that discretion was the key to a successful affair, and if she was going to pull this off, she would have to be very cautious. It just wouldn't do for him to find out... yet.

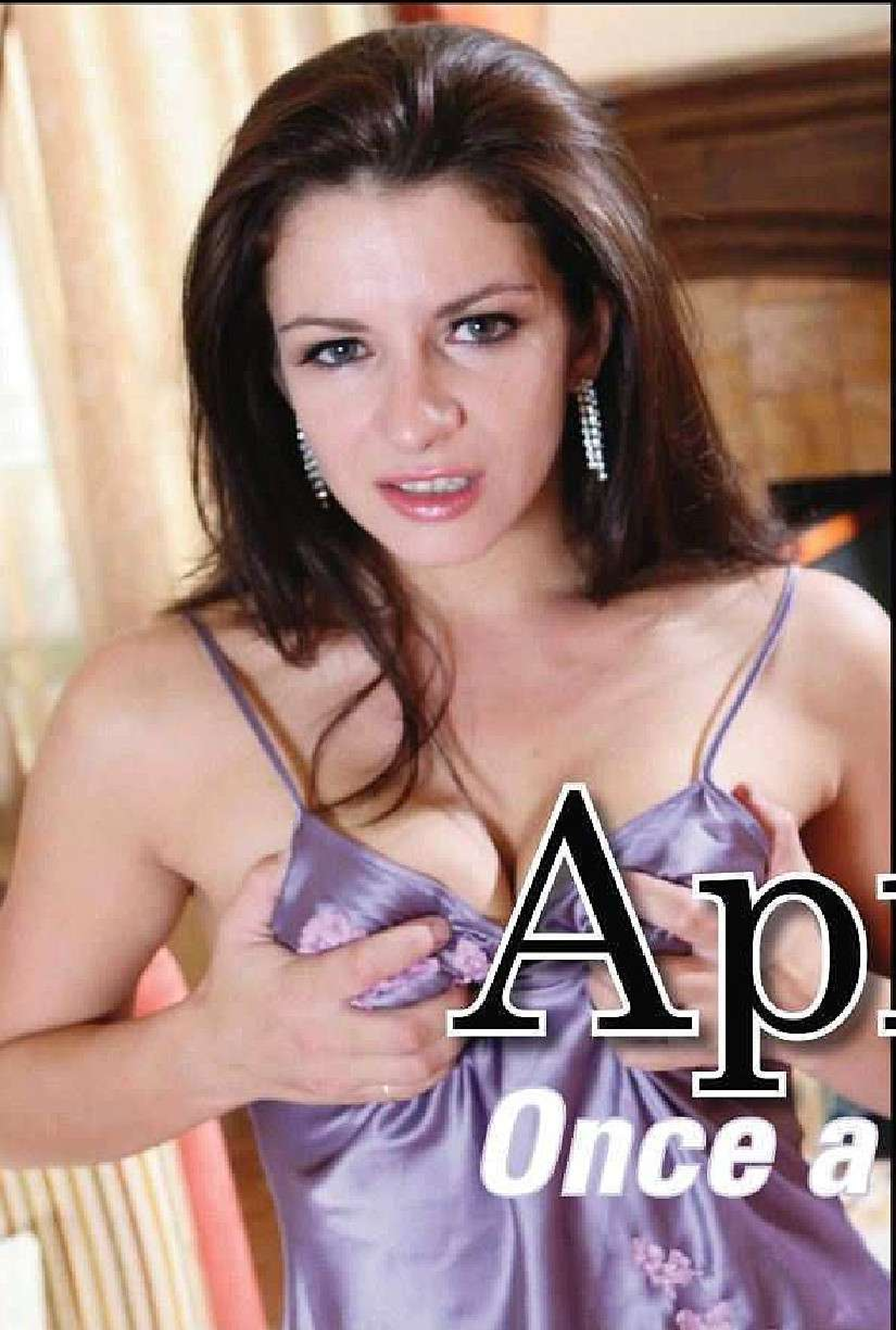
Taylor's plan of attack was simple: fuck whomever she could, whenever she could.

For Taylor, more was better. At least when she had a stranger's cock in her cunt, she wasn't worried about what skanky pussy her husband was currently screwing.

She definitely got off on knowing that guys thought of her as a dirty slut. Maybe she really was, but amping up the act was a thrill in and of itself.

Taylor's might be a fucked up situation, but if it works for her, why knock it. We can think of a few other things we'd like to do to her though, can you?

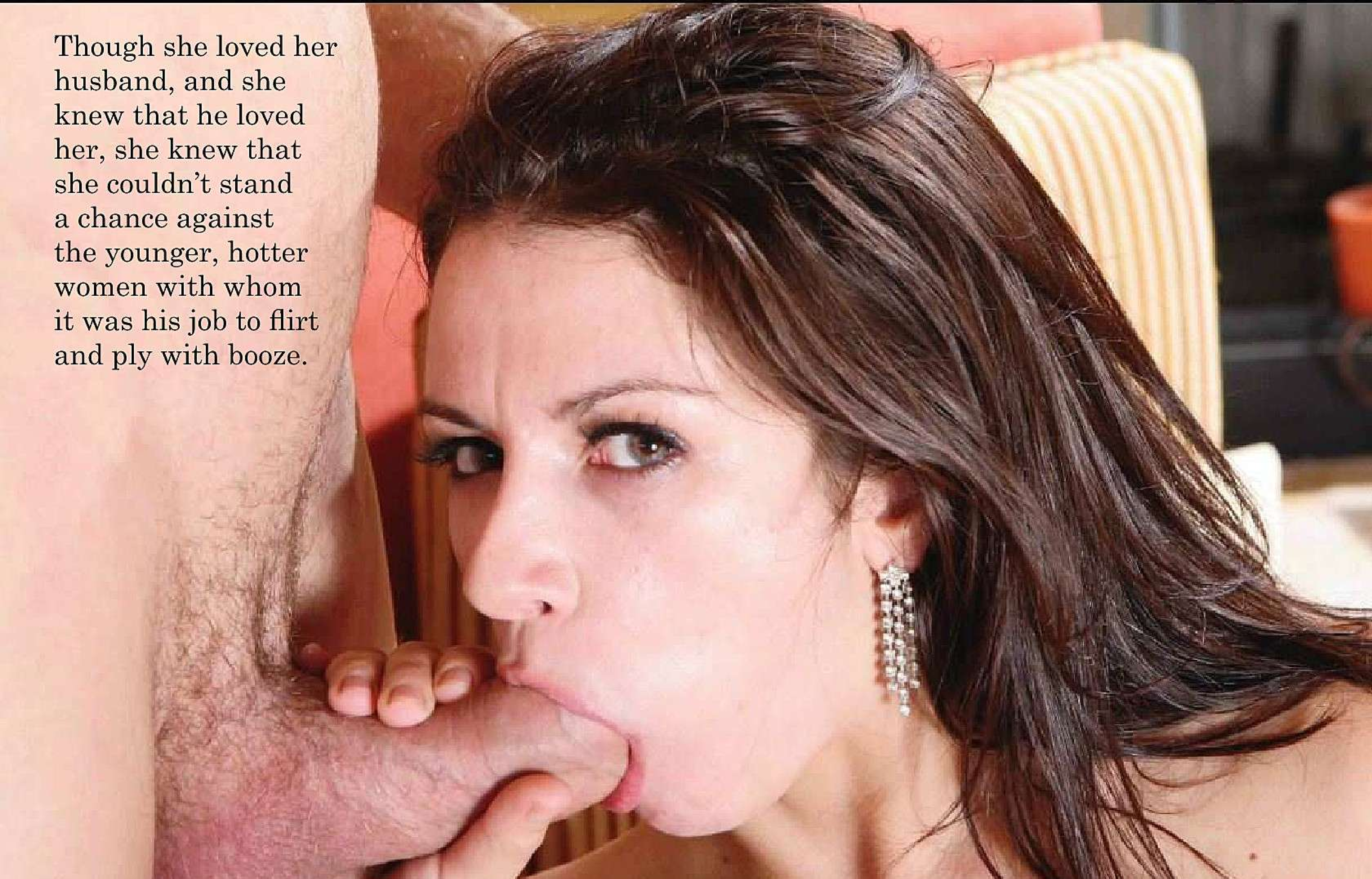
800-347-8928



April

Once a Slut...

April's husband owned one of the most happenin' nightclubs in the city, which had been great when they first started dating and were in full-on party mode 24-7, but after they got married and had a kid, April had to call it quits with the crazy nights out - something her husband simply couldn't bring himself to do. She wasn't a stupid woman and knew the lifestyle and temptations that went along with the job - she should, after all, he had been the one picking her up so many years ago.



Though she loved her husband, and she knew that he loved her, she knew that she couldn't stand a chance against the younger, hotter women with whom it was his job to flirt and ply with booze.

When she first started having her suspicions, she turned to her husbands brother, whom she'd always found it easy to talk to. It soon became apparent that talking wasn't the only thing that came easy to these two.

Her husband's erratic hours made it easy for April to cheat. He was rarely home before 7 AM, which allowed plenty of time for full-fledged, all-night fuck-a-thons.

At times, she felt twinges of guilt, but when she considered the way her brother-in-law could make her cum - time and time again - she couldn't bring herself to break it off.

It's a shame that some guys just don't appreciate what they've got, but it works out pretty well for the guys who are willing to pick up the slack. Would you like to give April the loving she deserves?

800-482-9447

Fan Fare

If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

A WONDERFUL LIFE

It looked like being the best Christmas ever. I'd driven down from where I worked in Scotland. It had taken me five hours, but as I pulled into the garage and she walked out of the connecting door, I knew it was all worthwhile!

The large double doors slid down behind me and she flicked on the garage lights. She wore a white sheath dress that fitted her like a second skin and as I took her into my arms, I could feel her beautiful, lithe body beneath it. I ran my hands down over her pert little bottom and she moaned into my mouth as we kissed hungrily.

"I'm naked under this."

"Beautiful," I breathed and felt my prick rising in anticipation.

"Well, apart from stockings, that is."

"Sexy little bitch."

"You ain't seen nothing yet, buster."

The front door bell rang then and she swore softly. "Damn, that's the ambulance come to take him back to the hospice; go and get a shower while I see him off."

She was referring to her husband, my brother, who had been left in a wheelchair after a high-speed car crash in which he'd suffered massive injuries including severe brain damage. He was blind, deaf and was expected to live for only a few weeks. If I sound callous, it's because he'd alienated his parents and me. He'd won a lot of money on the lottery, but left his young wife and gone on a spree where he spent like it was going out of style. He was still on the spree when the accident happened; he was with two young girls at the time, both of whom were killed!

She'd prepared us a beautiful, but light, meal of salmon steaks grilled lightly with Bollinger champagne to wash them down.

"Absolutely gorgeous," I said as I pushed the plate away. "Almost the best thing I've ever tasted."

"Almost?" she raised an eyebrow.

"Apart from that little pearl between your legs, of course," I laughed. "Talking of which, do you want your Christmas present now or tomorrow morning?"

"Ooh now please, now, now." She was clapping her hands and giggling like a little girl and I realized that I was falling for her in a big way.

I had three presents for her, but I intended on giving her two right then and saving the other one for when everyone had left.

"Merry Christmas," I said and gave her the first parcel. I couldn't help laughing as she tore the wrapping paper off.

"It's beautiful," she cried. "It's really gorgeous, thank you darling, thank you."

She held the sheer white lace baby doll up against her generous breasts and smiled at me. "Can I wear it tonight?"

I growled and she pressed her lips to mine in a cock-stirring kiss.

"Will you take the panties off with your teeth?"

"Oh God, yes," I hissed round her probing tongue. "I can't wait to see you wearing it."

"Wait, no more," she laughed and turned her back on me for me to unzip her dress just as we both heard dad's car pulling up outside.

"Damn," she swore softly and stood up reaching for the tiny matching g-string.

"Still, these will do for now." And I had the pleasure of watching her step into the filmy little garment, pulling it snugly into the crease of her sweet little pussy.

My prick felt like it would explode as I watched her greeting my parents. They'd grown close during my brother's little escapade and although they knew nothing of our relationship, I felt sure that they'd approve of it once they knew.

We all kissed warmly and dad even hugged me. Mum and Nicky disappeared into the kitchen for some girly talk while dad asked me about work. I told him that the contract was coming to an end and I intended taking some time out or maybe a holiday or something.

"You should take Nicky away somewhere," he said and grinned at the expression on my face. "She needs you now more than ever, son."

I was gobsmacked, but I nodded my agreement just as the girls came back. Nicky had a big grin on her face, which told me mum had said the same thing to her.

Later on as they were leaving, we stood together in the doorway waving goodbye, although I was concentrating more on what my left hand was exploring under the back of her dress where her panties were hardly more than a narrow strip of lace between her buttocks. She pushed the door shut and leaned back against it as I sank to my knees.

"Yes," she breathed. "Oh God, yes, I've wanted this all night."

She sighed with pleasure as I kissed the front of her string. Even through the thin nylon, I tasted her moisture; her aroma was like an aphrodisiac to me. It filled my nostrils and enflamed my senses. I hooked a finger beneath the string and jerked it aside, feeling her climax as my tongue ran the whole length of her slit.

She was still shaking as I lowered her down and stretched her out in front of me; her pussy was wet and inviting and she jerked and squealed as I took her clitoris between my lips and sucked it hard.

"Fuck me, Mark," she hissed. "I need you inside me, darling, fuck me, please."

Quickly, I moved up and slid my prick where it wanted to be. She gave a deep sigh of satisfaction and wrapped her legs around me.

"Yes, that's it," she moaned. "That's where you belong."

"That's where I'm staying too," I breathed as she reached for me and drew my face down to hers. "You've got the sweetest little cunt in all the world." We fucked slowly, each one of us savoring the sensations of being joined thus. She used her vaginal muscles to grip and squeeze me as our mouths explored the other's.

I felt her long finger nails raking my back, but the sweet pain just drove me on. I felt her digging into the flesh of my buttocks, urging me on and I heard the delicious little obscenities she whispered.

"You're gonna make me cum, Nicky."

"Yes," she shouted. "That's what I want. I want your spunk inside me. I want to feel you shooting it up into me."

Her words spurred me on to move faster as she knew they would. Every forward thrust of mine was met by one of hers. Our pubic bones mashed together, her eyes were wide open and fixed on mine, she was cumming and cumming hard, just looking at her like that made my prick jerk inside her.

"I'm cumming, Nicky," I gasped and every part of my body was like a rock; every part except for my prick, which jerked and spat inside her. I think it was at that moment when we looked into each other's eyes, that we both knew we would be together for a long, long time.

Christmas day was every bit as good as I knew it would be. I awoke to the tantalizing aroma of bacon and eggs and after following my nose, I found her in the kitchen doing the frying. She was wearing the shirt I'd worn the previous day and she giggled as I crept up behind her and wrapped my arms round her waist.

"Merry Christmas, beautiful," I said and kissed her neck.

"Merry Christmas to you too," and she turned into my embrace.

"Can't you afford a shirt?" I asked. "I wore that yesterday."

"I know, that's why I'm wearing it; it smells of you." "I thought I'd smell of you after last night," and she blushed prettily.

"Was I very naughty?"

"Very," I told her. "In fact, I may just have to spank you."

"On my bare bottom?"

"On your bare bottom," I confirmed and she kissed me tenderly.

"Any time you like, mister, but sit now and get your breakfast; you'll need all your energy for later."

It was a lovely breakfast enhanced by looking at her across the table. Her blond hair was nicely tousled and her blue eyes positively glowed every time they caught mine.

"Can I ask you something, Nicky?"

My serious tone made her look up sharply. "Of course."

"Well, it's a bit awkward really."
"Go on," she urged.

"When Danny goes… well we both know it won't be long, don't we?"

"Yes," her voice was barely a whisper. "Yes we do."

"Oh sod it, there's only one way to do this."

I stood up and reached into my pocket for the present I'd been saving for later. Her eyes widened and filled with tears as I got down on one knee and opened the little box from my pocket.

"Nicky Saunders, would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

Her hand was trembling as she held it out for me to slip the ring on her finger. Her bottom lip was trembling even more, but she nodded. "Yes." I could hardly hear her.

"Yes," she laughed. "Yes, yes, yes, I'd marry you now if I could."

She went on the phone then, ringing all her friends. She was like a demented imp, laughing and crying with them all; then she rang my parents and handed the phone to me after a short while.

"I'm so happy for you, darling. That was why we refused Nicky's invitation to Christmas dinner. I know you better than you know yourself, son," mum said while dad said it was about bloody time!

We spent the rest of a wonderful day just drinking, eating and making love. She dressed for me that night in a long and almost sheer evening gown over hold-up stockings and a tiny pair of white panties. She looked like a dream and tasted like one too as I found out when she sat on the couch and drew my head down in between her legs. Her panties were like tissue paper and tasted vaguely like strawberries.

"They're edible," she giggled. "I thought you might like them." So I settled down to eat!

All this happened ten years ago; ten wonderful years during which she's given me a son and a daughter who I'm crazy about. We still make love almost every day and she still surprises me by dressing up some nights for sex. I opened a local office and the business boomed, so much so that I will be able to retire soon. Sadly, my brother passed away only a few days after Christmas. Nobody enjoyed the funeral, but who does?

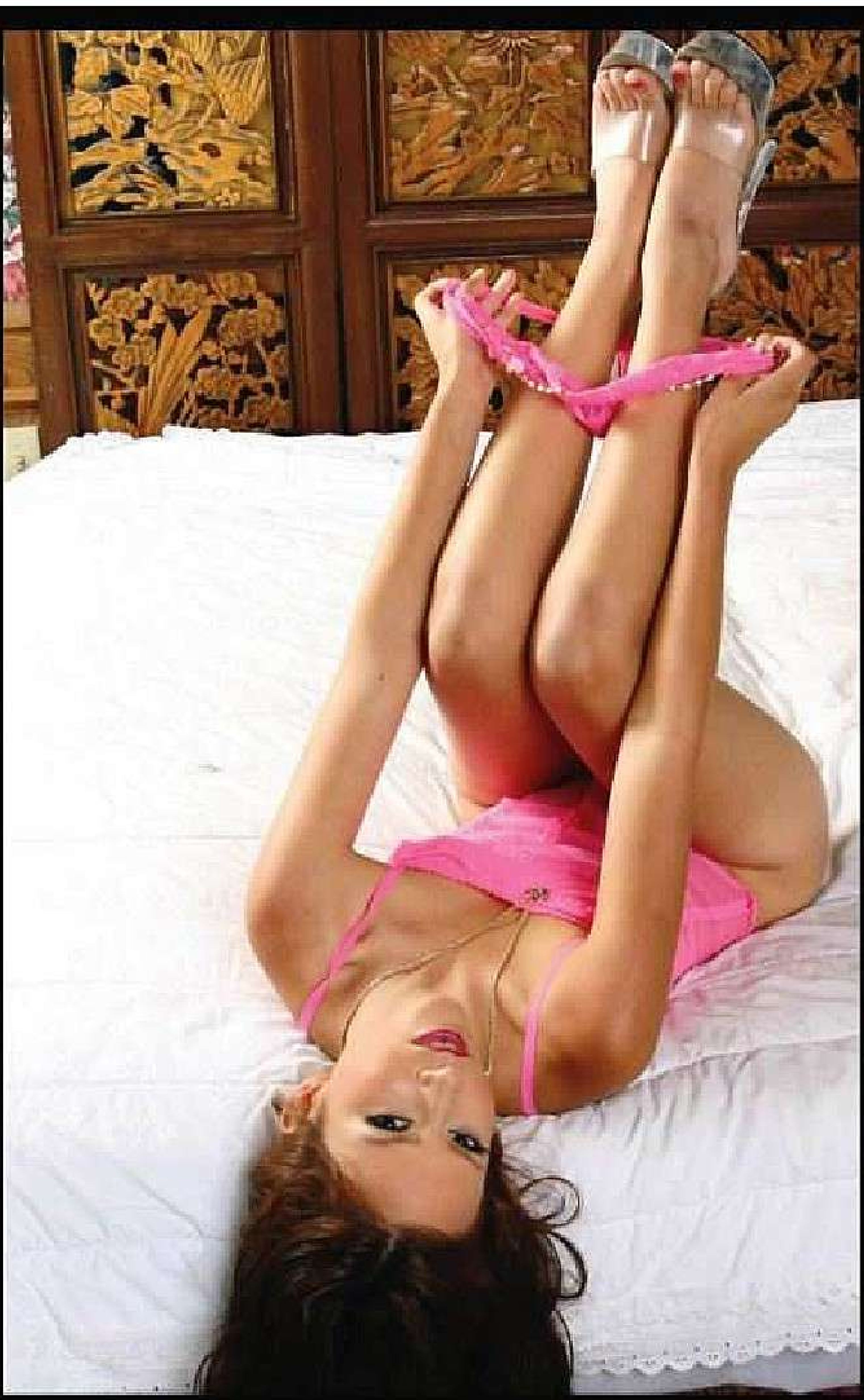
I still get surprised at the lurch I get when I see her and I'm even more surprised that she still rings me every day at the office to tell me she loves me. It's a wonderful life!

-Oedipus

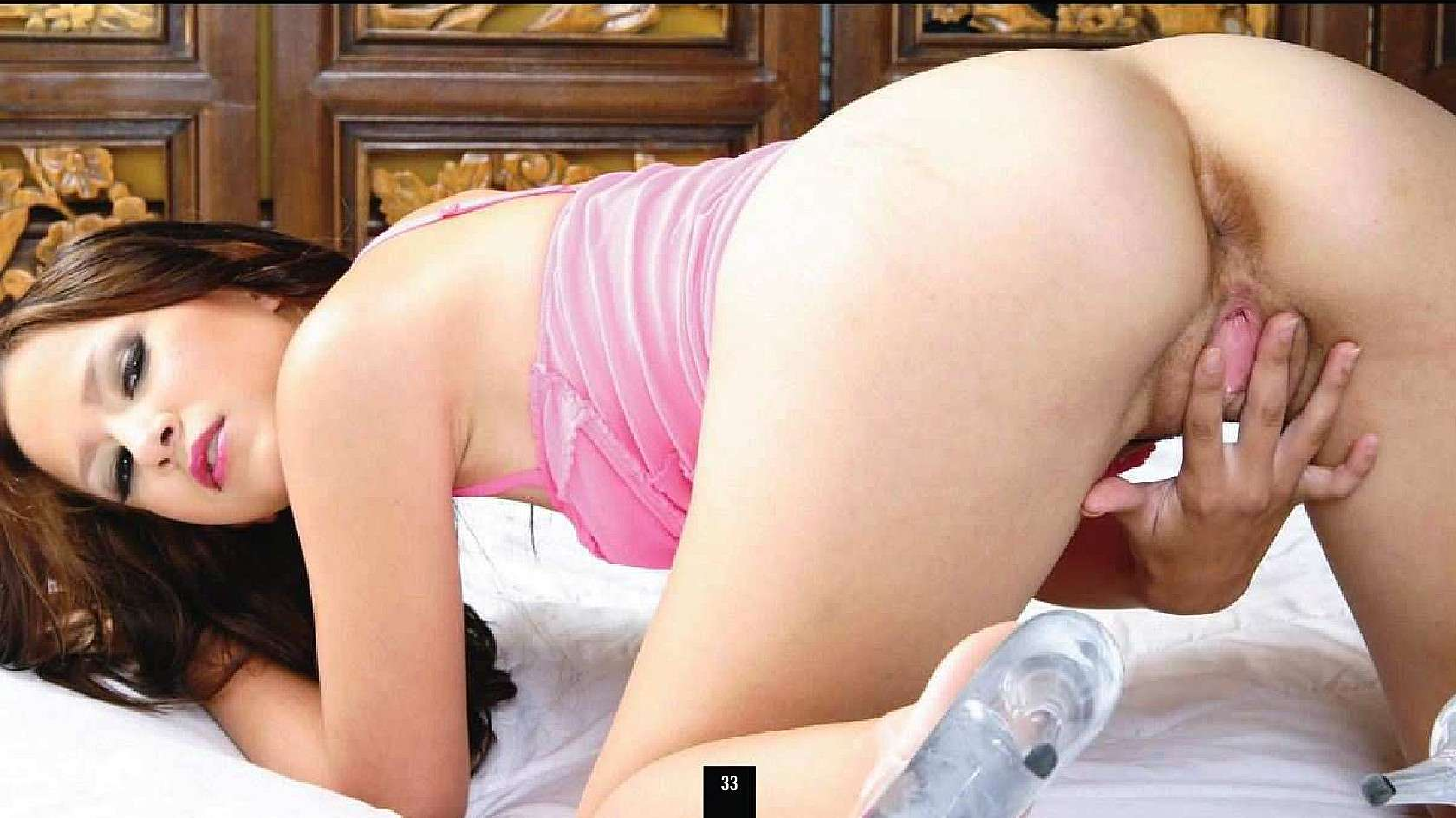
Christina

Using What She Can

Christina'd had a horrible childhood and adolescence. Her father was abusive, her mother an alcoholic and her older brothers bullied her without mercy. It wasn't surprising that Christina looked for the easiest way to escape from her terrible life, just as soon as she was able. She knew that running away wasn't an option - home might suck, but the streets sucked worse. In Christina's mind, marriage was the easiest, and safest way to leave her past behind.



This is how she found herself 18-years-old and married. Her choice in men hadn't been important - as long as he promised to rescue her from her past, she couldn't have cared less. At the beginning, she actually thought she might get along with her husband, but the chemistry just wasn't there. There was no spark, and when he touched her, she felt nothing.



She really tried to make things work, but he seemed oblivious to her lack of interest. The problem was that she was interested, very much so, unfortunately, she was interested in someone other than her thick-headed spouse.

She had needed her husband to rescue her from her past, now she needed someone to rescue her from a passionless marriage. Her husband's buddy, Ken, was exactly what she needed. When he was inside of her, it was electric.

For the first time in her life, Christina felt satisfied. Well, not too satisfied, because she just couldn't seem to get enough of Ken's big dick.

Though things are looking better, Christina's still got a long way to go in figuring out what she wants. It's going to be a fun ride though. Would you like to join her?

800-230-8887

Anastasia

Acting Single

Anastasia might look like a bottle-blonde bimbo, but she really isn't. In fact, you'd be hard pressed to find a girl this loving and loyal. Her husband really hit the jackpot when he asked her to marry him, and things just seem to get better and better for the duo. That's not to say that Anastasia doesn't have her kinks, in fact, she's got several of them, which is a large reason why, 8 years into their marriage, this couple is as horny and turned-on by each other as when they first met. Cheating had never been an option for her, and she made it very clear that it was a definite no-no for her husband as well, but that didn't mean that she wasn't curious about what it would be like to be with another man. This is where Anastasia's naughty fantasies came into play.

These guys didn't think their day could get any better, but when she shimmied down on their tools with her naughty little anus, they knew they couldn't be luckier.

If she couldn't bring herself to be with another man, she'd just have to make her husband into another man. While at university, she'd dabbled in theatre, so she acting came naturally. Now, all she had to do was to make her naughty fantasies into realities.

Her husband wasn't quite sure what to make of this scheme, but after the first time he picked a hot, blonde "hooker" in a bar, he was, well... hooked... on the idea.

Since then, role-play has become a regular part of their sex life. Anastasia's favorite fantasy is when her husband shows up at her door as a salesman, greedy enough to do anything for a profit.

She always has fun seeing just how far he'll go, but with a body like this, he'll be going all the way, every which way, each and every time.

Generally Anastasia doesn’t let her husband near her asshole, but she does mind granting her “lovers” this rare, nasty privilege.

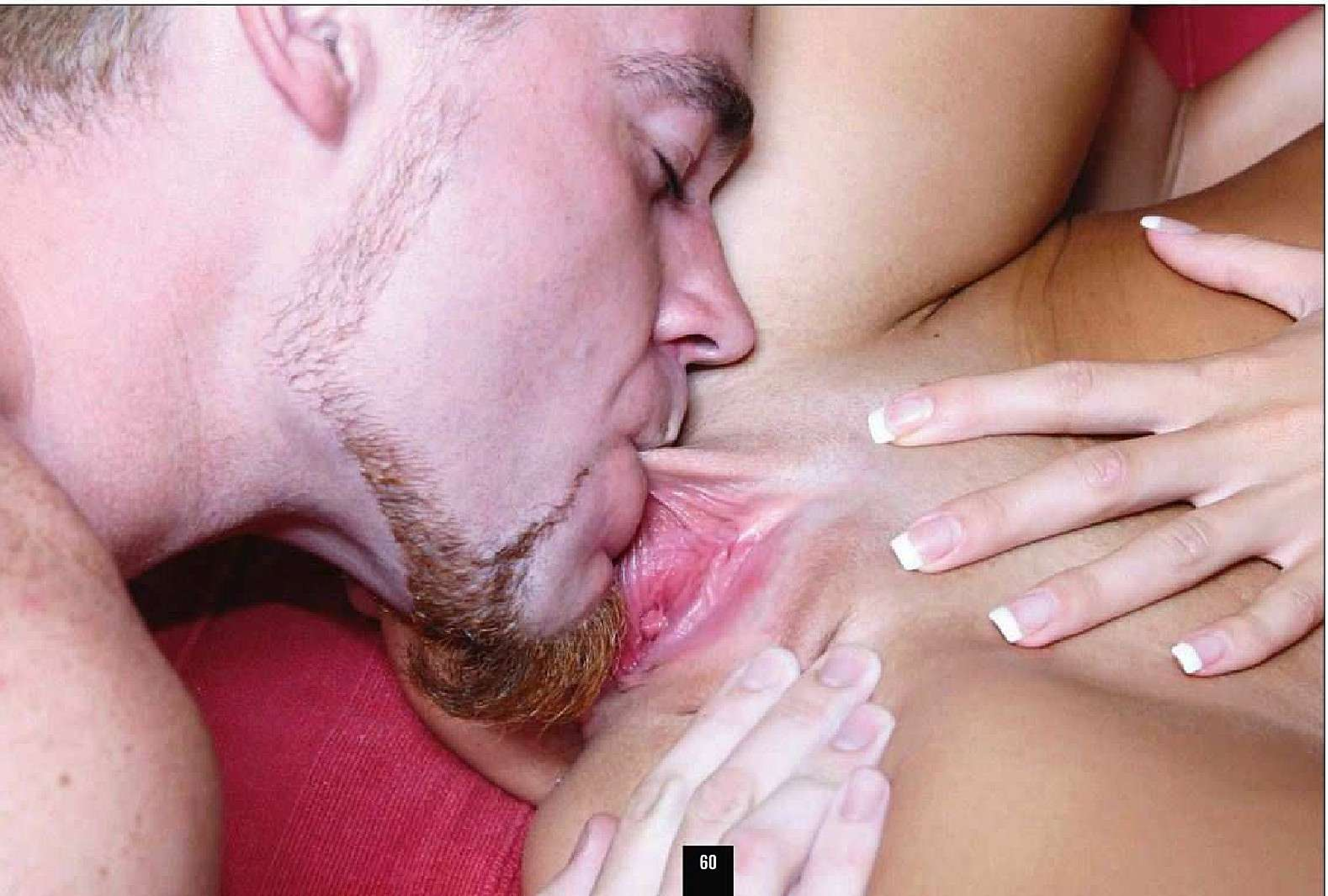
It's a shame to keep a woman like this all to oneself. Maybe, at some point, her husband can be convinced to share. Interested?
888-967-5683

Destiny

A Choice of Her Own

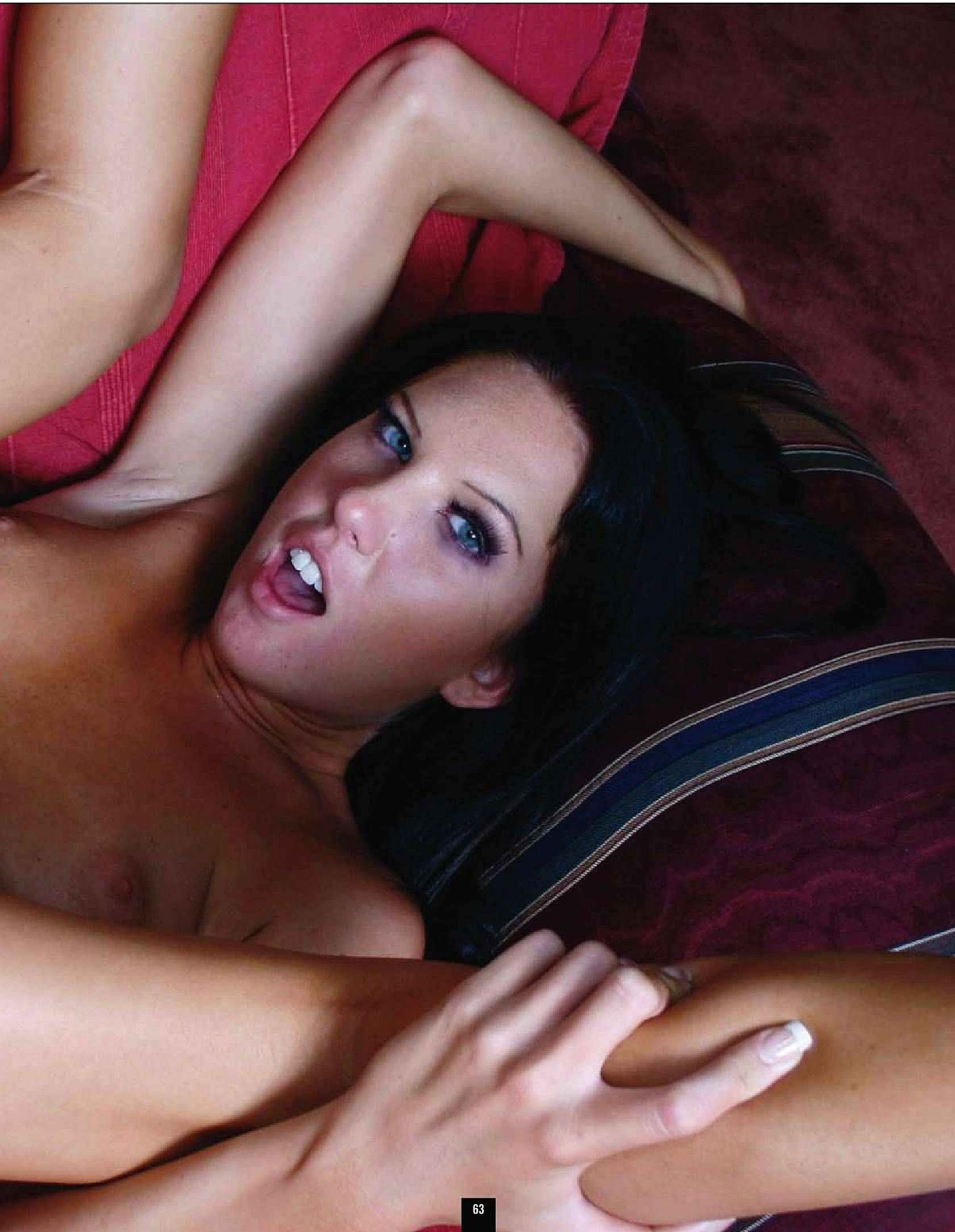
You might not be able to tell it by looking at her, but Destiny is very conservative when it comes to her domestic duties. She'd always told her husband that when they had kids, she intended to stay home with them, at least until they were old enough for school. This had been an issue of contention, as her husband wasn't pleased with the idea of maintaining a single-income household. Destiny's mind was made up though, and nothing he said could dissuade her. When she found out she was pregnant, she was ecstatic; two years into motherhood, she was much less so. She hadn't anticipated how isolating being a stay-at-home mommy could be, considering that all her friends were still childless and carefree. She was in desperate need of some serious excitement.

Unfortunately, her husband was so busy working to pay the bills that he rarely had any time for his lonely wife. Their once a month sex sessions just weren't cutting it for Destiny - just because she was a mother didn't mean that she was any less sexual.



We have a lonely housewife, an absent husband, so it's inevitable that trouble's around the corner. In this instance, trouble's name is Dan, a guy Destiny met online, who was up for everything her husband wasn't

Dan couldn't believe that a guy could keep his hands off a woman like this, but he was prepared to give Destiny everything - and more - that she wanted.



And given how sex-starved she'd been, there was plenty that she wanted. Just feeling a cock inside of her was amazing, let alone the fact that when this guy said he was going to fuck her raw, he wasn't joking.

Though Dan seems to be pulling out all the stops, a woman like this isn't easily satisfied. Are you ready to step up and take control of your Destiny?

900-378-6060

Nicole

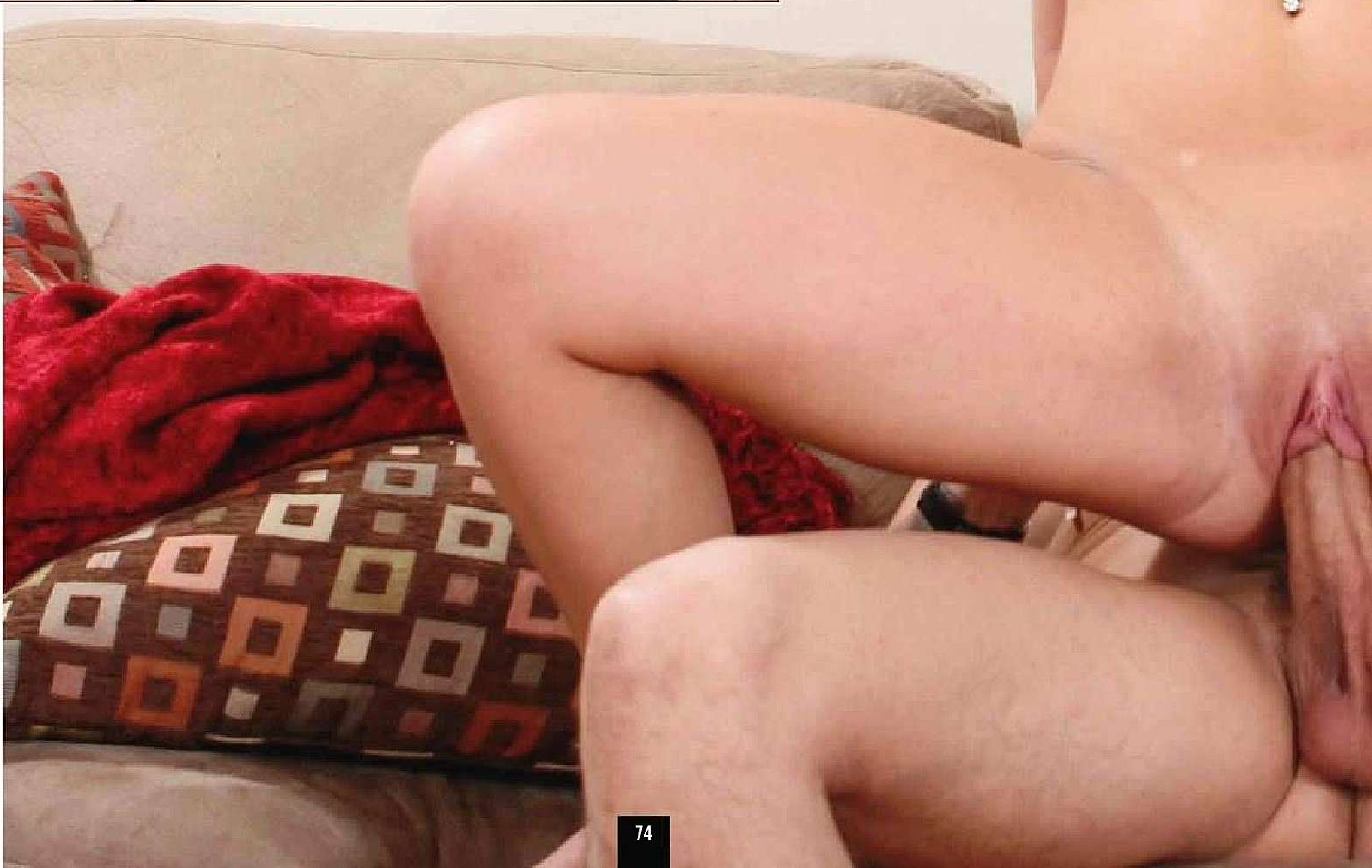
Looking for Something Simple

Nicole'd met Richard when they were both called in to see the principle after their kids had been caught, attempting to form their own 3rd grade version of a fight club. Richard was a single dad, Nicole was not a single mother, but that couldn't stop the chemistry between them. It started out casually, as these things generally do, but began to get more serious, especially when Nicole sensed that her husband was growing clingy. Clinginess is something she had never been able to handle, so she ran from it, to the only person who had never asked anything of her - Richard.

Richard hadn't set out to seduce her, hadn't even considered that it could be a possibility, but he wasn't going to miss out on an opportunity like this.

Nicole still had plenty of party girl left in her, though she hadn't felt like partying much recently. With a new lover, it all came back and she remembered just how fun fucking could be.

Her cunt hadn’t had this much attention for several years, so she was going to make sure and milk it for all it was worth.



In fact, she found herself wanting to do and try things she'd never even considered before. Since she was already sinning, why not really make it count?

Nicole might have drained Richard dry, but she's still got plenty of spunk left in her... that is, if you're game for it.

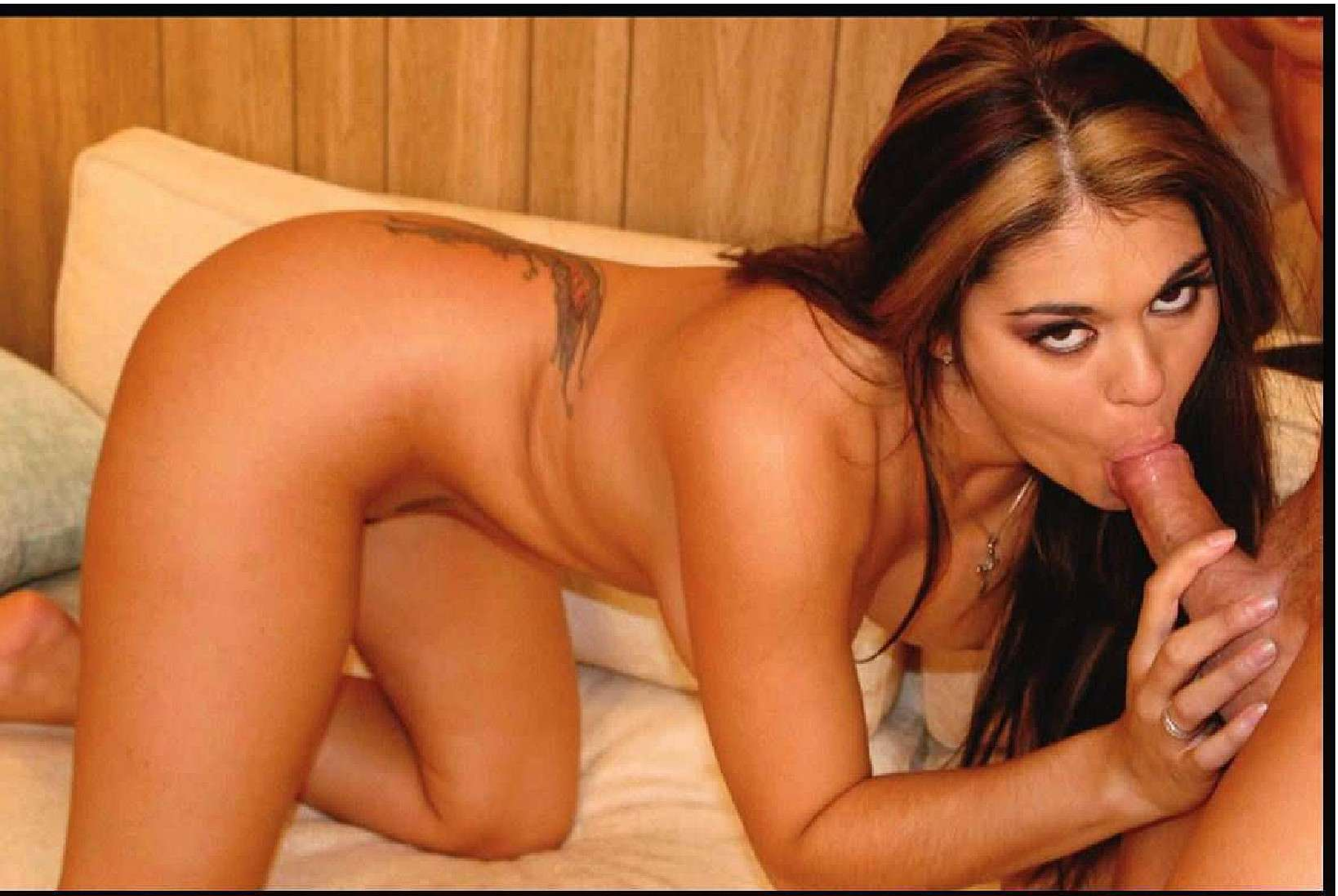
900-537-6725

Olivia

Learning the Hard Way

Olivia had always been pampered and given whatever she wanted. Basically, she was a spoiled brat, though no one had the balls to call her this to her face. Her parents had doted on her. Her friends had clung to her because of her popularity and ready cash supply. Her boyfriend had married her because she'd wanted him to (besides, she could hold her own in the sack). All seemed to be good in Olivia's world. She didn't feel like working, so she didn't. She didn't feel like having kids, so they didn't. Increasingly, she didn't feel like having sex, so they didn't. Her husband was far from happy about this turn of events, but knowing Olivia, there was absolutely nothing he could do to change the situation.

Or was there? He loved his wife, but she was being completely unreasonable. Bringing her down a notch or two might just do the trick, and there's no better way to do that than backing her against a wall and telling her what's what.



To get this kind of leverage, he called in the help of his friend. He knew if he could catch her with someone else's dick in her snatch, it would be game over. She fell for it... hard.

Faced with the option of giving up her life of ease, Olivia had little choice but to do what her husband asked of her - namely, to be at his sexual beck and call.

At first it was tough going, but Olivia soon warmed to the idea. Apparently even the brattiest diva likes to be taken in hand from time to time.

Now that he's getting all the sex he deserves, he feels like it might be time for Olivia's next lesson - sharing. Care to give him a hand?

900-673-3494

Fan Fare

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CARNY GIRL

She worked the bumper car ride, flipping the switch that electrified the ride, untangling cars, telling off overaggressive teenagers, cleaning up after overexcited kids. She was black – dark black – with straight slick hair, a lean, sinewy body, and a hard, pretty face. She wore skin-tight faded jeans and a green tank-top, studs in her nose and rings in her nipples, which poked almost right through the thin material of her top.

I first saw her on the Friday afternoon when the traveling carnival opened up for the long weekend, and by Friday night, I was totally infatuated.

I'd never seen anyone like her, thanks to my small-town Indiana upbringing; the way she looked, the way she moved, the way she told off the boys, and men, who rode the ride too hard, or got too fresh with the operator. As I watched her go about her work with utter confidence and contempt, black velvet skin gleaming under the hot sun, taut muscles tightening and rippling – an ache, a soul-searing need, to be loved by this hardboiled woman, throbbed inside of me.

"Fuck you always hangin' around for?" she asked me Saturday morning. "Ride or glide, blondie."

I flushed beet-red, twisting one of my pigtails around in my fingers and staring down at the cracked, littered ground. I was just a plump little girly-girl from the country, and she was… something else entirely. I had no idea how to approach her, how to converse with her. "Uh, I guess I'll, um… ride?" I gulped.

"Then set your ass down," she stated, unsmiling.

I stumbled onto the metal platform, kids screaming and rushing past me, racing for the best cars.

Her nametag read "Mya," and when every last car was taken, kids giggling and yelling with anticipation, she did a quick walk-around. "Seatbelt, blondie!" she snapped at me.

I'd forgotten to lock myself in, too busy gazing at Mya's taut, twitching bum, her hard little shuddering breasts and shining face. She reached down and yanked my strap over my shoulder, buckled it down at my waist, then her hand hummed up and down the frayed nylon to make sure it was secure, her long, dark fingers brushing against one of my stiffened nipples, shooting sparks all through me. She leaned in close, and the spicy scent of her body filled my senses, her teeth blazing white in a grin. "You're good an' tight now, blondie. If you wasn't already."

I dazedly watched her walk off, my body and being tingling with longing.

She flipped the switch and my car jumped. Kids sailed all around, occasionally banging into me, or cursing me for just sitting there, but I hardly noticed, looking over at Mya standing tall and lean and sexy on the edge of the platform, looking back at me.

Sunday afternoon, when she went on her break, I followed her, past the trailers and trucks and across the field to a dilapidated barn that stood on the far edge of the fairground, next to a stand of trees. Her shoulders and hips moved with an animal ease and litheness, oiled in sensuality. She didn't look back, but I knew she knew I was trailing after her. She slipped in behind the barn and I heard voices.

I crept along the side of the weathered building, holding my breath, peeked around the corner, and my heart sank, my eyes welling with hot, bitter tears. Mya was down on her knees on the yellowed grass, in front of a big, brassy redhead. Her dark hands gripped the woman's pale thighs, her neon-pink tongue lapping at the woman's ginger pussy.

I bit my lip, my fingernails into the wood. The redhead's skirt and panties were tangled around her ankles, her legs spread, with Mya in between, licking and licking and licking at the woman's pussy. Her head bobbed rapidly and rhythmically up and down, her long tongue stroking the woman from bottom to top, bumhole to clit.

Blood spurted out of my lower lip and wetted my teeth, splinters gathering at my whitened fingertips, as the redhead tore her blouse and bra open and grabbed up her spilled, milky tits. She anxiously squeezed them, pinched the thick, pink nipples, rolling her head back and forth against the barn. Mya's unceasing cunt-lapping filling her with the heated joy to match my heated hate.

I wanted to scream, to rush forward and pummel that bitch who was getting so much – everything – from my three-day-old girlfriend, the love of my young life, but I did nothing but watch, fat tears rolling down my chubby cheeks, as Mya openly and obscenely ate out that woman right in front of me.

She planted her face in the redhead's glistening pussy and sucked on the woman's clit. The woman gasped, moaned, her huge tits jumping in her clutching hands. Mya's cheeks hollowed, lips working, tongue tripping the woman's trigger, and setting her off.

"Oh god, yes!" she cried, shivering, quivering, coming in my Mya's mouth. I could barely stand, my legs were so weak, my rage and lust impotent forces, as usual, but Mya stood up easily. Wiping her mouth off, she demanded, "Fifty bucks, bitch."

The redhead slapped her, indignant at being called a "bitch." Mya grinned and slapped her back, bouncing the woman's head off the barn. I gasped, glaring at the heated scene.

The woman brushed her hair back from her reddened face and buttoned up her blouse, pulled up her skirt, then she fumbled around in her purse and handed fifty dollars over to Mya. "Tonight?" she asked, looking up shyly. Mya laughed, nodded, sticking the money in her jeans.

The redhead ran my way, and I ducked back behind the corner of the barn, hugging the boards, even more shaken, because in that instant, I'd actually gotten a good look at the woman's face – it was Mrs. Hufnagel, wife of the chief

of police. She had three kids, was in our church choir. She ran past me in her low heels and back to the Midway, not even noticing me in her haste.
"You got fifty bucks, too, blondie?"

I jumped. It was Mya, right next to me. "Uh, um…" I dug a hand into a pocket of my jean shorts, knowing full well I didn't have any fifty dollars, but I was talking to Mya, at last, in private.

"Didn't think so," she sneered. "Then you're givin', girl, not gettin'."

She grabbed my arm and pulled me around the side of the barn, shoved me up against the wood, almost exactly where Mrs. Hufnagel had taken her licking, then she pinned my arms up above my head with her strong hands and pushed her face in close to mine. Her large, brown eyes burned into my unblinking baby-blues, her hot breath flooding my open mouth. The heat from her body so close set me to shimmering with desire, the hard, pointed tips of her breasts touching the buzzing tips of my breasts. She slid her pink tongue out and washed her thick lips with it, nostrils flaring, eyes narrowing. "You're a real Barbie girl, huh, blondie? Still in her original packaging." She laughed in my face.
I was dizzy, almost delirious. This would be my first time with a real woman.

"Start lickin', girl!" Mya hissed. "I only got ten minutes left." She shoved me down to my knees and skinned her jeans down, stuck her pussy right into my face. Stunned, I grabbed onto her bare hips and tentatively stuck my tongue into her tangle of fur, the heady aroma of her sex making my head spin and resolve weaken. She gripped my pigtails and jerked my head forward, burying my face in her jungle pussy.

I couldn't believe she was as wet as I was. I squirmed my tongue against her moistened pussy lips and she jumped. My pink-painted fingernails bit into her smooth, noir skin, as I boldly plunged my tongue right inside her cunt.

I had no experience, I didn't know what I was doing, but it seemed to be working, because as I thrashed my tongue around in her hot, wet tunnel, warm, tangy liquid suddenly flooded my mouth. I peered upward, into Mya's eyes.

"Dirty little corn-fed slut," she said, grinning down at me. "Drinkin' another woman's juices."

Mya pulled her tank-top off and my hands up, plastering them onto her bare breasts. I grasped her firm, hot breasts and rolled her jutting, ringed nipples between my fingers, gulping her juices now, straight from her pussy.

It was exhilarating, intoxicating. I couldn't get enough, groping Mya's tits, eating and drinking her cunt, as she urged me on with a stream of profanity. I pulled one of my hands off her tits and stuck three fingers into her slit, and pumped. "Yeah, blondie!" she wailed. "Fuck me!"

I clutched at her breasts and slammed my fingers back and forth in her cunt, the wanton taste of the woman empowering me with heedless lust. I was on fire, pistoning her pussy, her hot pink wetness sucking on my fingers.

"Fuck! Jesus!" she cried, bending, breaking on my flying digits. She gushed all over again, and I licked, urgently swallowed, churning her cunt, until she fully sagged over on top of me, gasping for breath.

I never went back to the traveling carnival. That was kids' stuff now.

I never saw Mya again, either. That kind of adult stuff I could now get all on my own.

-Claire Green

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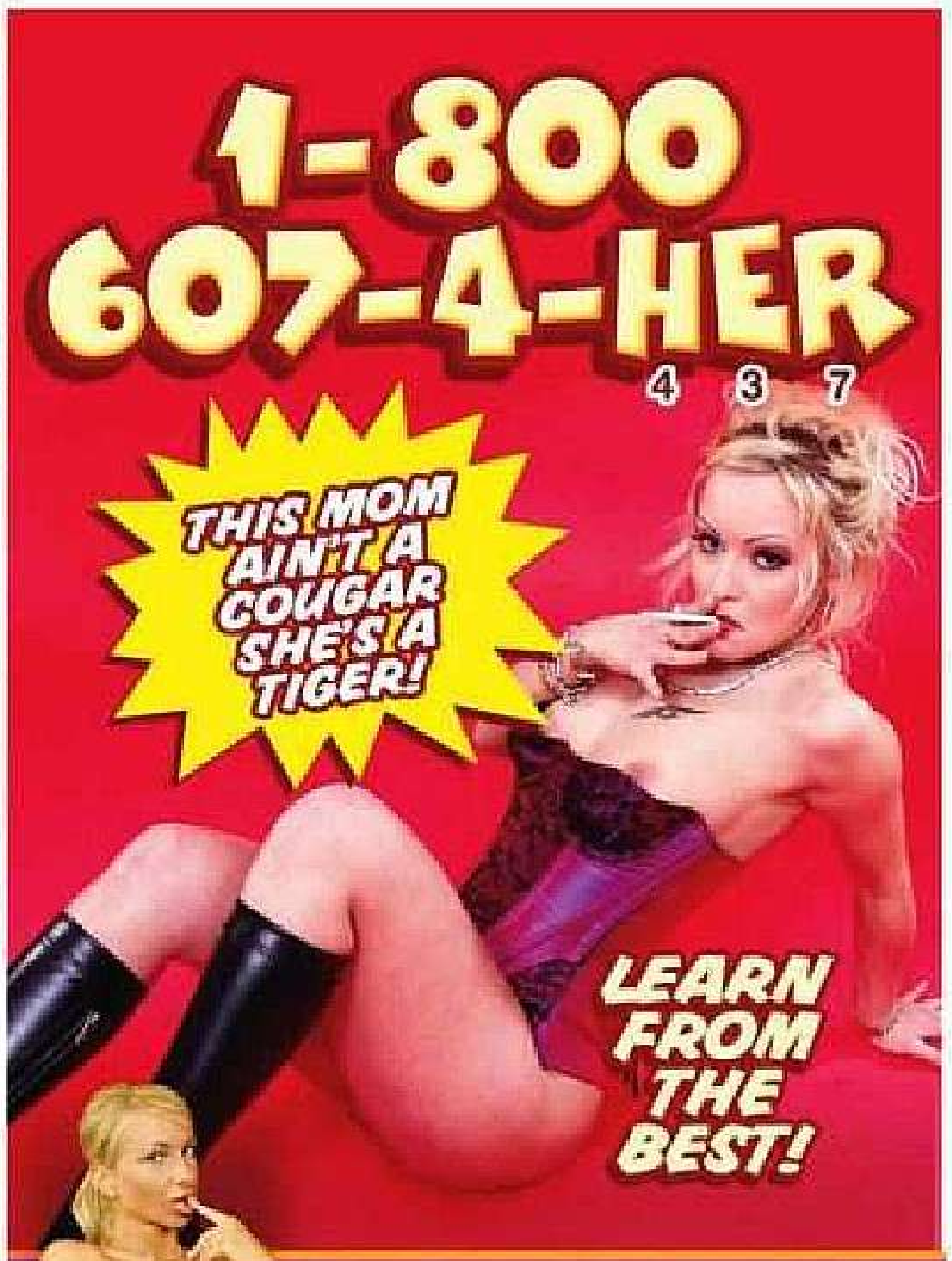
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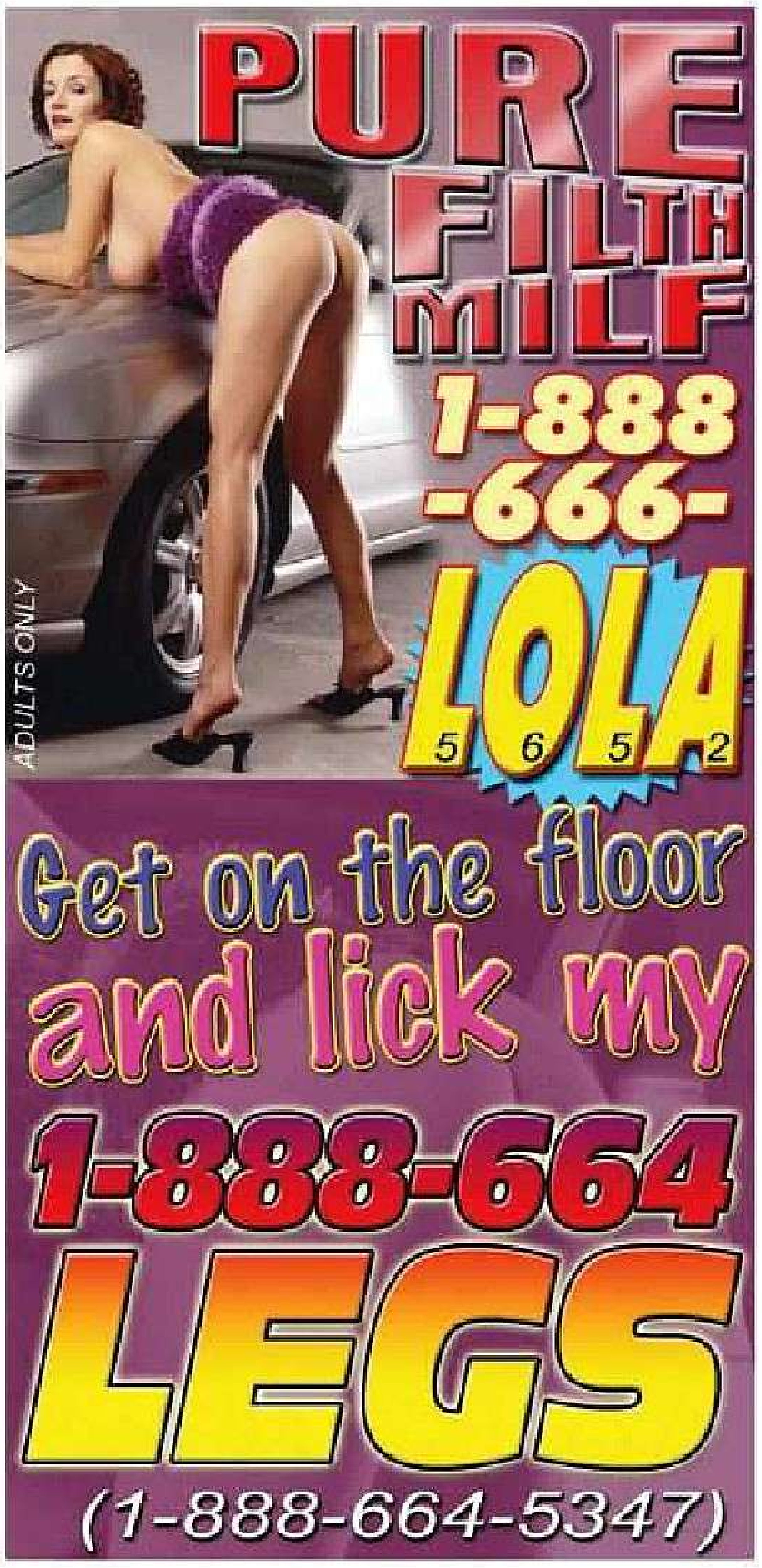

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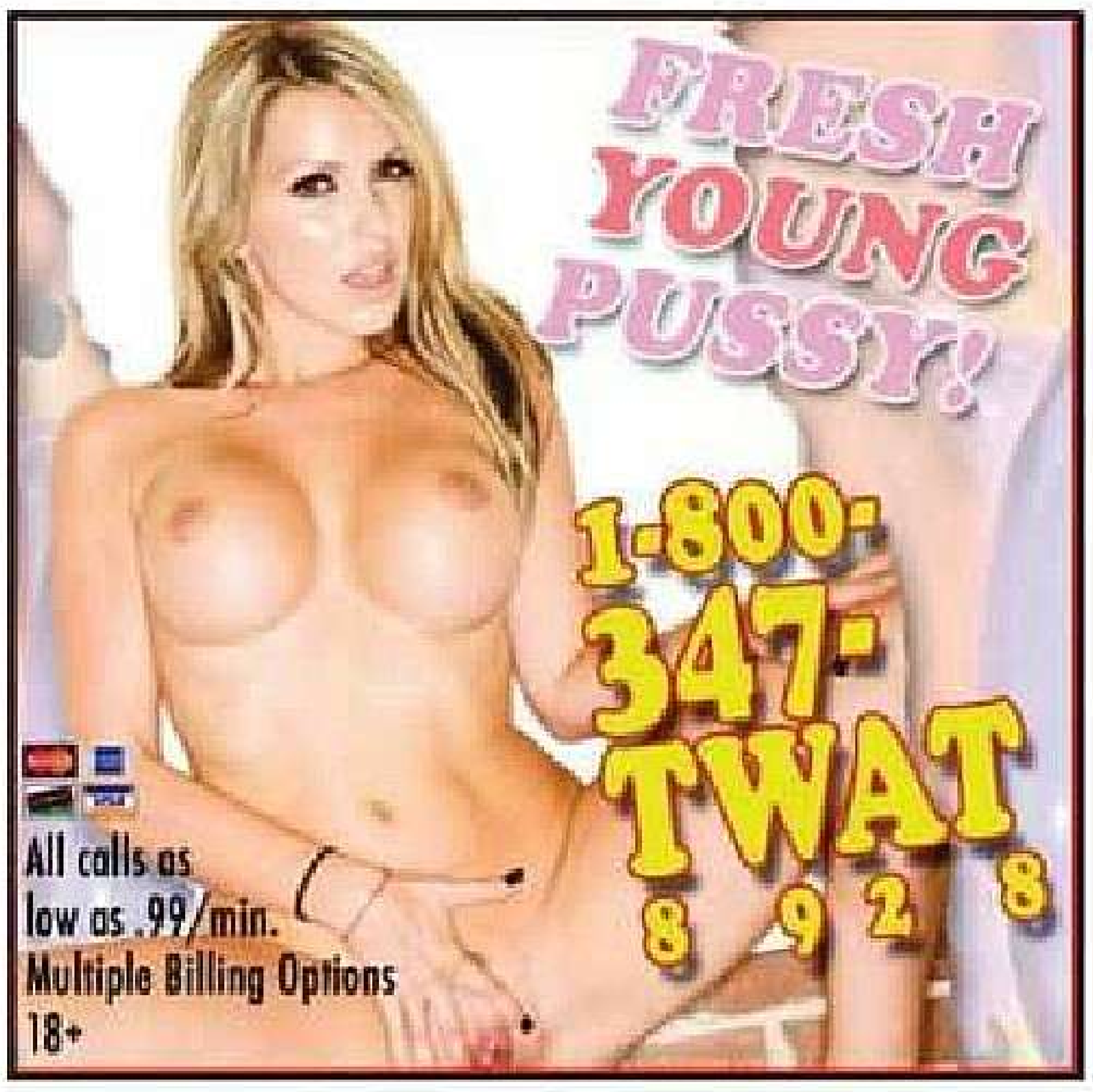
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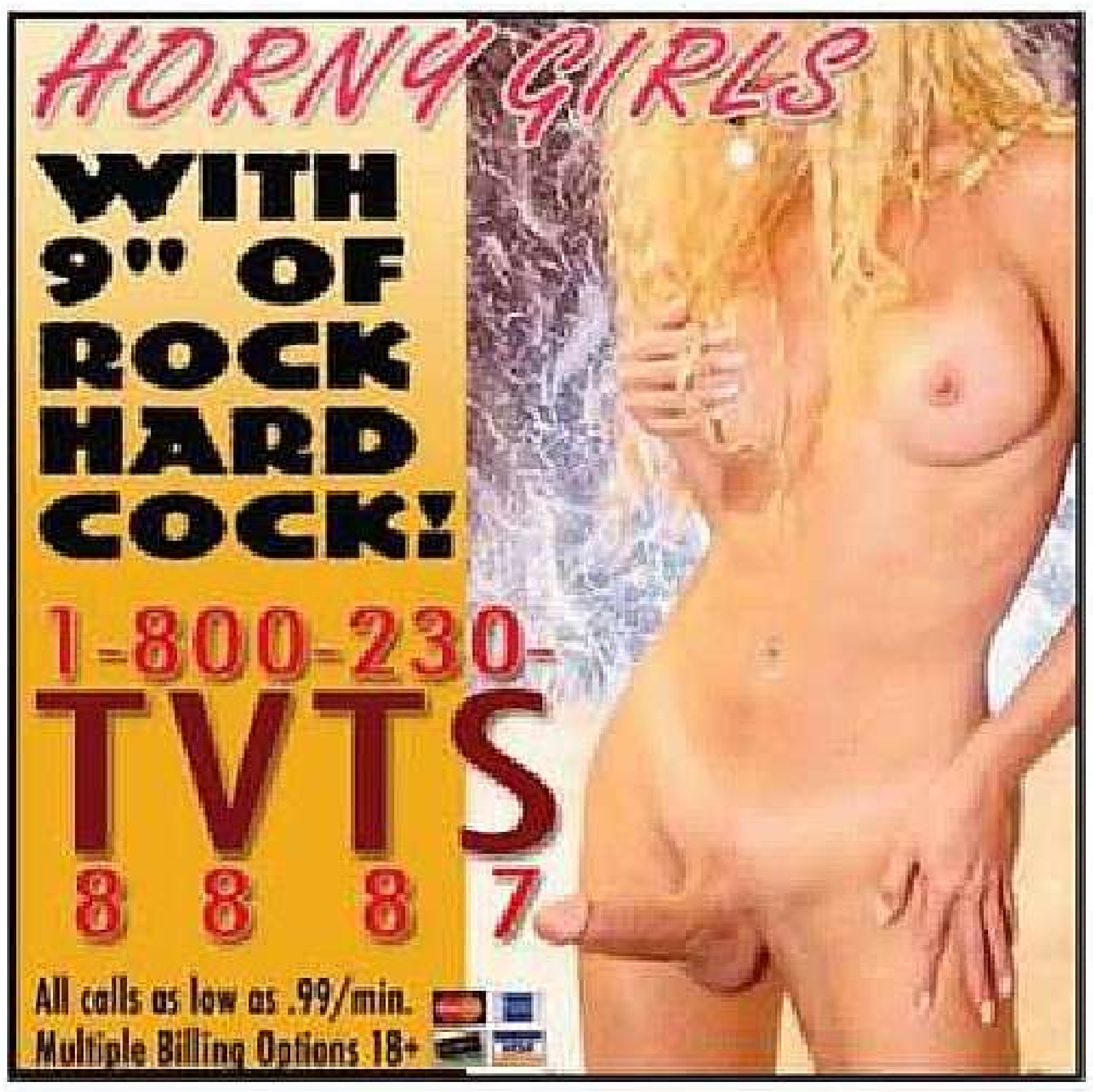
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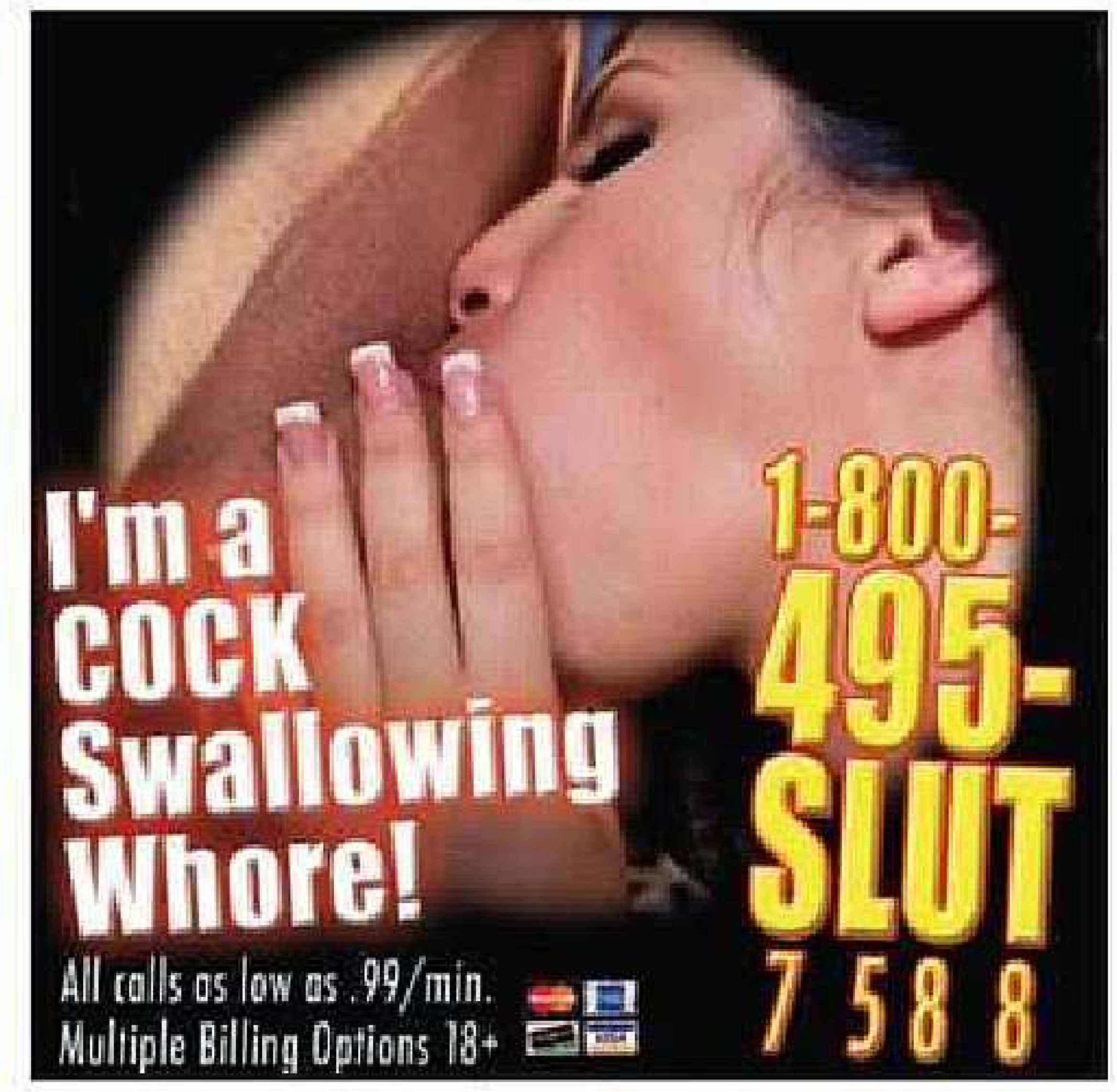
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